

(TMI Journeys – August 2017)

MY HUSBAND DIED BEFORE WE MET

by Nancy “Scooter” McMoneagle



Greetings, All!

Joe McMoneagle, who many of you know as Remote Viewer 001 with the US Army's Stargate Program, author, speaker, and trainer of TMI's Remote Viewing program, had two near-death experiences that changed the trajectory of his life forever. Among other things, they switched on and amplified his innate psychic abilities.

You can read Joe's account of his experiences below and in his books. I'm here to tell the tale from my point of view.

Suffice to say, Joe and I may never have met, at least not when and where we did, had he not had that first NDE in 1970. Joe's awakening led him to remote viewing and subsequently to Bob Monroe.

Joe was looking for tools to help him more quickly complete his "cool down"—the time it took to achieve his special state of consciousness for a successful RV session. He and Bob worked closely together, meticulously creating the optimal blended and sequenced Hemi-Sync® frequencies for Joe's exercise. All the while I was falling for the love of my life.

Our partnership blossomed into a successful working relationship as well as a happy marriage (33 years and counting!). Joe's remote viewing and my practice as a professional astrologer dovetailed into our consulting business, Intuitive Intelligence Applications, Inc. I was director of operations for IIA, being the interface with clients for establishing Joe's remote viewing targets. Preserving the double blind nature of a target is critical.

Joe is now retired from doing remote viewing targets. He remains a mainstay of the Institute in numerous roles—contractor, community leader, guest speaker, and residential program trainer, to name a few.

People often ask me what it's like to be married to a world class remote viewer. It's fun and exciting! To this day I'm still astonished when Joe offers psychic input that's right on the money. Does that mean he can read my mind? Well, not since I began using my RV cloaking device!

I suppose the esoteric realms into which Joe's and my work has taken us are unusual in the conventional sense, but to us, of course, that's just Life—and a huge reason to be grateful. My everlasting thanks go to my brilliant and loving husband, to Bob and the Institute, and, as always, to you—TMI's millions of friends and family across the globe!

To your greatest adventures in consciousness,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Nancy H. McMoneagle". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "Nancy" and last name "McMoneagle" clearly legible.

Nancy H. McMoneagle
President and Executive Director

From *Magical Blend Magazine*, Issue #52, "**REMOTE VIEWING: an interview with Joseph McMoneagle**," by Jerry Snider

In 1970 I was overseas with the Army. I had been working very hard and was extremely tired. I took a sip from a before-dinner drink, and suddenly felt I needed air. I collapsed in the doorway of the restaurant, went into convulsions, swallowing my tongue, and then stopped breathing. They rushed me to the hospital where they detected no heartbeat. I was out of body watching everything. I started drifting away and falling backward through a tunnel. I reviewed my entire life with what I felt was an all-loving being. At some point I felt heat on the back of my neck and turned around. Immediately I was enveloped in a bright, white light that told me to return to my body, even though I didn't want to.

Suddenly I awoke, sitting in a hospital room. The first thing I did was to start telling everybody about the White Light and God. The military authorities took my talk as a sign of brain damage and put me in a rest home for observation.

They said I was fine, and I realized it was best not to talk about my experience. So I shut up and tried to act normal. I went back to work, but from that point on I started having spontaneous out-of-body experiences and spontaneous knowings, or certain knowledge about things I had no ordinary means of knowing. My reality, as I understood it, was completely shattered.

... I had a second near-death experience in 1985, five months after I retired from the Army. I had a major heart attack at the ripe old age of thirty-nine, and once again I encountered the White Light. This time I realized it was finite and had limits. I've since concluded that what the White Light is, is what we would call the totality of self: what we are when we're not physical.